

## General Miscellany.

### MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN.

BY ELIZABETH ARDEN ALLEN.

Up to the border of my small domain  
My neighbor's garden stretches wide and  
sweet;  
His roses toss against my window-pane;  
His jasmine wreathes my porch and doorway  
round.

My threshold every May is carpeted  
With pale pink petals from his peach-tree  
blows.  
His tall lilac lifts its plumed head  
Up to the casement where I sit alone.

Waking, I hear, as dawns the morning light,  
My neighbor busy in his bordered walks,  
Noting the added beauties born of night,  
Picking the weeds among his flower-stalks.

From early March, when the brave crocus  
comes,  
Edging the beds with lines of blue and gold,  
Till the consoling, kind chrysanthemums  
Contend against December's cruel cold.

My neighbor toils with wise and patient hand,  
Scarcely pausing in his work for sun or shower,  
Evolving gradually from mould and sand  
The germ, the leaf, the perfect bud and flower.

A rare magician he, whose touch transmutes—  
Helped by the sprites which rule the air and  
dew—  
Dry dormant seeds and dark unlovely roots  
To graceful shapes and richest scents and hues.

His garden teems with glad and brilliant lives:  
There wheel and dive the gay dragon-flies;  
New gather tribute to their distant lives;  
And gray moths flutter as the daylight dies.

Sparrows and wrens sing songs which need no  
words;  
And over flower-cups scarce more bright than  
they,  
Green-winged and scarlet-throated humming-  
birds  
Hang, tranced with sweet, then whirl and dart  
away.

From branch to branch, beneath my watching  
eyes,  
His net a black and golden spider weaves;  
And scores of many-colored butterflies  
Waive in and out among the dancing leaves.

My neighbor in their midst—three favored ones!—  
Delves, plants, trains, weeds, and waters pu-  
tently,  
Studies the alchemy of rain and sun,  
And works his floral miracles for me.

For me! not one enjoys this Paradise  
As I, within my overlooking room:  
It is not seen even by the owner's eyes  
As once—the whole wide stretch of growth and  
bloom.

With sight and mind absorbed, he little thinks  
How all his garden's sweetest drifts to me—  
How his rich lilies and his spiky yuks  
Send incense up to me continually.

Yet still he labors faithfully and long  
My loneliness to brighten and beguile,  
Asking for all this fragrance, bloom, and song  
Not even the small repayment of a smile.

Unconscious friend, who thus enrichest me,  
Long may thy darlings thrive, untouched by  
illight,  
Unplagued by worm or frost! and may there be  
No serpent in thine Eden of delight!

And ye whose spirits faint with weariness,  
Count not your work unvalued and unknown:  
Cheered by your toil, some silent, some may bless  
The hand which strives not for itself alone.  
—Harper's Monthly for September.

### THE CALIFORNIAN AT VIENNA.

I am in bonds and fetters through not  
understanding the German tongue. It is  
a weary torture to be a stupid, uncom-  
prehending foreigner. I am lost in a lin-  
guistic swamp. It is necessary to employ  
one man to talk to another. The commis-  
sionnaire does not understand more than  
half I say. What might he not be inter-  
preting to the other fellow? The most  
trivial want costs me a world of anxiety  
and trouble. I desired some blotting-  
paper. I went to a little stationery shop. I  
said, "Paper! paper! fur die blot, you  
know. Ich bin Engländer—er; ink no  
dry; what you call um? Vaa? vaa?  
Hang it!" They took down all sorts of  
paper—letter-paper, wrapping-paper,  
foolscap, foreign post. I tried to make  
my want known by signs. I made my-  
self simply ridiculous. The shopkeeper  
stared at me in perplexity, disgust  
and despair. Then he discussed the  
matter with his wife. I fretted, pur-  
suing vigorously. I went away. I  
went to a commissionaire at my hotel.  
It required five minutes to explain the  
matter to him. He discussed the matter  
with the portier. The portier is quite  
buried under gold lace and brass buttons.  
The commissionaire returns to me. He  
thinks he knows what I require, but is  
not quite certain. All this trouble for a  
bit of blotting-paper! It is so with  
everything. Every little matter of every-  
day life, which at home to think of and  
do are almost identical, here costs so much  
time, labor and anxiety! My strength is  
all gone when I have purchased a paper of  
pins and a bottle of ink. Breakfast and  
dinner task me to the utmost. The slight-  
est deviation from established custom  
seems to act on the people at the restaurant  
like a wrong figure in a table of logarithms.  
It required three days to convince a stun-  
ted boy in a long-tailed coat that I did not  
wish beer for dinner. He would bring  
beer. I would say, "I don't want beer!  
I want my—some dinner." He would  
depart and take counsel with the head-  
waiter, and I would feel as if I had been  
doing something for which I ought to be  
corrected. The latter functionary ap-  
proaches and exclaims with domineer-  
ing voice, "Vat you vsnts?" I reply with  
meekness, "Dinner, sir, if you please."  
He brings me an elegantly bound book  
containing the bill of fare. But it is in  
German; I look at it knowingly. I put  
my finger on a word which I suppose  
means soup. I look up meekly at the  
functionary. He glowers contemptuously  
upon me. He recommends me to an  
underling, and bustles off to guests more  
important. There are in the dining-hall  
French, German, Italian, English and  
Japanese. Tongues, plates, knives and  
forks clatter inside—wheels roll, rumble  
and clatter over the stony pavement out-  
side. I wait for my soup. Hours seem  
to lag by. I appeal in vain to other  
waiters. Life is too busy and important  
a matter with them to pay any attention  
to me.

The aristocratic German waiter is cool  
and indifferent. It is beneath his dignity  
to approach you within half an hour after  
you sit down. He knows you are hungry,  
and enjoys your pangs. He is sensible of  
every signal, every expression of the eye  
with which you regard him. To appear  
not to know is the chief business of his  
life. He will with the minutest care ar-  
range a napkin while a half-dozen hungry  
men at different tables are trying to ar-  
rest his attention. Before I met this man  
my temper was mild and amiable; I be-  
lieve in doing by my fellows as I would  
be done by. Now I am changed. I never

visit the Vienna restaurant but I dwell in  
thought on battle, murder, pistols, bow-  
knives, blood, bullets and sudden death.  
After eating a meal it requires another hour  
to pay for it. A nobleman, dressed de rig-  
ueur, condescends to take my money after  
he has made me wait long enough. There  
are two of these officials at the hotel.  
One in general manner resembles a  
heavy dealer in bonds and government  
securities—the other a modest, charming  
young clergyman of the Church of Eng-  
land. One morning, when the atmos-  
phere was very sultry, I ventured to open  
a window. The dealer in government se-  
curities shut it immediately, and gave me a  
look which humiliated me for the day.  
I said I wanted, if possible, air enough to  
support life while eating my breakfast.  
He said that was against the rules of the  
house; the windows must not be opened.  
There was too much dust blowing in the  
street. What were a few common lives  
compared to the advent of dust in that  
dining-room?

You must live here by rule. Novelty  
is treason. It is the unalterable rule of  
life that because things have been done  
in a certain manner, so must they ever  
be done. It requires almost a revolution  
to have an egg boiled hard in Vienna. I  
said at my first meal, "Ein coffee and  
egg mit hard." It may be seen that I  
speak German with the English accent.  
The eggs came soft-boiled. I suppose  
that the nobleman who attended on my  
table went to the prince in disguise who  
governed the culinary department, and  
informed him of this new demand in the  
matter of eggs. It is presumable that the  
prince pronounced against me, for next  
morning my eggs were still soft-boiled.  
Then I braced myself up and said, "See  
here! I want mine zwel eggs, you know,  
hard, hard! You understand?" The  
nobleman looked at me with contempt.  
The eggs came about one-tenth of a de-  
gree harder than the previous morning.  
I resolved to gain my point. I saw how  
necessary it was to put more force, vigor,  
spirit and savagery into my culinary in-  
structions to the nobleman. This despo-  
tism should not prevail against me.  
When the free, easy and enlightened  
American among the cete and crumbling  
monarchies of Europe shrieks for hard-  
boiled eggs, they must be produced,  
though the House of Hapsburg should  
reel, stumble and totter.

I said on the third morning, "Haben  
Sie ein hot Feuer in your kitchen?" Ja.  
"And hot Wasser?" Ja. "And will you  
put this hot Feuer under the said hot  
Wasser, and in that hot Wasser put the  
eggs and keep them there zehn Minuten,  
zwanzig Minuten, or a day or a week—  
any length of time, so that they are only  
boiled hard, just like stones, brickbats,  
rocks, boulders or the gray granite crest  
of Yosemite? I want mine eggs hard." Then  
I ground my teeth and looked  
wicked and savage, and squirmed vicious-  
ly in my chair. There was some improve-  
ment in the eggs that morning, but they  
were not hard-boiled.

The Viennese spend most of their time  
in the open air, drinking beer and coffee,  
reading light newspapers, eating and  
smoking. In the English and American  
sense they have neither politics nor religion.  
The government and the church  
provide these articles, leaving the people  
little to do save enjoy themselves, float  
lazily down life's stream, and die when  
their souls become too spiritualized to re-  
main longer in their bodies.

I am fast becoming German. I have my  
coffee at nine: it requires two hours to  
drink it. Then I dream a little, smoke a  
cigar and drink a glass of beer. At  
twelve comes dinner. This I eat at a  
cave table on the sidewalk, with more  
beer. At two I take a nap. At five I  
awake, drink another glass of beer, and  
dream. From that time until nine is oc-  
cupied in getting hungry for supper. This  
occupies two hours. Then more beer and  
tobacco. Some time in the night I retire.  
Sometimes I am aware of the operation of  
dirobing, sometimes not. This is Vien-  
nese life. One day merges into another in  
a vague, misty sort of a way. Time is  
not checked off into short, sharp divisions  
as in busy, bustling America. From the  
windows opposite mine, on the other side  
of the street, protrude Germans with long  
pipes. They sit there hour after hour,  
those pipes hanging down a foot below  
the window-sill. Occasionally they emit a  
puff of smoke. This is the only sign of  
life about them.

The window-sills are furnished with  
cushions to lean on when you gaze forth.  
The one in mine is continually dropping  
down into the street below, and a man  
in a brass-mounted cap, who calls him-  
self a "Dienstmann," does a good busi-  
ness in picking it up and bringing it up-  
stairs at ten kreutzers a trip. The kreut-  
zer is a copper coin equivalent to an Eng-  
lish farthing. Every day here seems a  
sort of holiday, and in this respect Sun-  
day stands pre-eminent.

The ladies, as a rule, are fine-looking,  
shapely, well-dressed and particular as to  
the fit of their garters and hose—a most  
refreshing sight to one for a year accus-  
tomed to the general dowdiness which in  
this respect prevails in England. Most  
of the English girls seem to have no idea  
that their feet should be dressed. The  
Viennese lady is very tasteful. She is  
neither slipshod nor gaudy. I never be-  
held more dainty toilettes. Everything  
about them, as a sailor would say, is cut  
"by the lifts and braces."

Vienna abounds in great bath-houses.  
I have tested one. I wandered about the  
establishment asking every one I met for a  
warm bath. Some pointed in one direc-  
tion, some in another, and after blunder-  
ing back and forth for a while, I found  
myself before a woman. For fifty kreut-  
zers she gave me a ticket. Then she  
called for Marie. Marie, a black-eyed,  
bright German girl, came. She went to a  
shelf and burdened herself with a quanti-  
ty of linen. Then she signed for me to  
follow. I did so in an expectant, wonder-  
ing and rather anxious frame of mind.  
Marie showed me into a neatly-furnished  
bath-room. She spread a linen sheet in  
the tub, and turned on the water. I  
waited for the tub to fill and Marie to de-  
part. Marie seemed in no hurry. I pon-  
dered over the possibilities involved in a  
German "Warm-bad." Perhaps Marie  
will attempt to scrub me! Never! At  
last she goes. I remove my collar. Sudden-  
ly Marie returns; it is to bring another  
towel. There is no lock on the door—  
nothing with which to defend one's self.  
I bathe in peace, however. On emerging  
I examine the pile of linen Marie has left.  
There is a small towel, and two large  
aprons without strings, long enough to  
reach from the shoulders to the knees.

I study over their possible use. I con-  
clude they are to dry the anatomy with.  
On subsequent inquiry I ascertained that  
they were to be worn while I rang the bell  
and Marie came in to substitute hot water  
for cold.

The American commission to the ex-  
hibition occupies a bare, disconsolate,  
shabby suite of rooms. They resemble  
more the editorial offices of those eph-  
emeral daily papers which, commencing  
with very small capital, after a spasmodic  
career of a few months fall despairingly  
into the arms of the sheriff. I had once  
occasion to visit the commission on a little  
matter of business. What that was I  
have forgotten: I recollect only the multi-  
tude of doors in those apartments.  
When I turned to depart, I opened every  
door but the proper one. I went into  
closets, private apartments and intricate  
passages, and after making the entire  
round without discovering egress, I made  
another tour of them, but still could not  
find where I had entered. A solitary  
American was seated in the reading-room  
looking weary and homesick, and I asked  
him if he could tell me the right road out  
of the American commission. He said he  
hardly knew: this was his first visit,  
but he'd try. So both of us went pro-  
specting around and opening all the doors  
we met, while a deaconish old gentleman  
behind a desk looked on apparently in-  
terested, yet offering nothing in the way  
of information or suggestion. I presume,  
however, this is the only amusement the  
man has in this forlorn place. I was be-  
ginning to think of descending by way of  
the windows when the strange American  
at last found a door which led into the  
main entry, and we both left at the same  
time, glad to escape.

I will do one side of the American  
department in the exhibition stern justice.  
It commences with a long picture placed  
there by the Pork Packers' Association of  
Cincinnati, descriptive of the processes  
which millions of American hogs are  
subjected to while being converted into  
pork. There are hogs going in long  
procession to be killed, and going, too,  
in a determined sort of a way, as if they  
knew it was their business to be killed.  
Then came hogs killed, hogs scalded,  
hogs scraped, hogs cut up into shoulders,  
hams, sides, loins; hogs salted, hogs  
smoked. Underneath this sketch are a  
number of unpainted buggy and carriage  
wheels; next, a pile of pick-handles; not  
far off, a little mound of grindstones, a  
platoon of clothes-wringers; next, a soli-  
tary iron wheel-narrow comming with a  
patent fire-extinguisher; following this  
a crowd of green iron pumps, with sew-  
ing-machines in full force. Such is a bit  
of the American department.

It is the fashion here that every one  
should have a growl at the general slim-  
ness and slovenliness of our department.  
Every one gives our drooping eagle a  
kick. This is all wrong. We can't send  
our greatest wonders and triumphs to  
Europe. There is neither room nor op-  
portunity in the building for showing off  
one of our political torchlight processions,  
or a vigilance-committee hanging, or a  
Chicago or Boston fire, or a steamboat  
blow-up, or a railway smash-up. Were  
the present chief of the commission a man  
of originality and talent, he might even  
now save the national reputation by bun-  
dling all the pumps, churns, patent  
clothes-washers, wheel-barrows and pick-  
handles out of doors, and converting one  
of the United States rooms into a reserva-  
tion for the Modocs, and the other into a  
corral for buffaloes and grizzly bears.  
These, with a mustang poet or two from  
Oregon, a live American daily pa-  
per, with a corps of reporters trained  
to squeeze themselves through door-  
cracks and key-holes, might  
retrieve the national honor, if shown up  
realistically and artistically.—Prentice  
Mulford, in Lippincott's for September.

### A Domestic Scene at Cape May.

The Cape May correspondent of the  
New York World writes: A man was  
standing at a hotel office at the Cape, the  
other day, laughing and happy, with his  
child by his side and another at the door,  
waiting to be taken out in his carriage.  
The mail had just come in, and the clerks  
were distributing letters to the guests as  
they assorted them. This man's supply  
of letters was very great. He was quite  
the envy of people who received no letters  
at all. He broke the seal of this and that,  
and said: "Now I will do what I seldom  
have done. Here is a letter from my  
wife's chum and confidential friend. I'll  
peek into their secrets."

"Oh, she opens my mail at every op-  
portunity. It'll be a joke."  
He opened the letter and in a minute  
turned ghastly white. He staggered to a  
seat and read a little more, and then went  
to the bar-room and swallowed some  
brandy.

"Sick man!" said somebody.  
What was within? The disclosure that  
an intrigue had long been going on under  
his roof-tree, in the city of his children,  
and carried on, at that, with the conniv-  
ance of the false guest and confidante,  
herself admitted therein to be the leman  
of some one unknown. And all this  
burst upon the man in profound quiet, out  
of perfect peace, when he was proud and  
fond and wedded to the sweetheart of his  
youth.

"Bliv's hurt," said the bystanders.  
The next moment we heard a loud re-  
port. Pistols? No! Only champagne.  
Then, in due time a drunken man carried  
to bed to contend with a staggered and  
remorseful woman, who called her soul to  
witness that she had never been worse  
than imprudent. But what could she  
prove? Could she prove, out of that o'er-  
fond memory the hateful suspicion—the  
brooding wretchedness—the awful doubt?  
Down, straight to perdition, hand in  
hand, go a drunkard and a coquette, and  
poverty throws wide the gate for them to  
fatten on the barren floor. Next to a vi-  
cious man with diseased propensities there  
is nothing which can make life so durably  
unendurable as a married coquette play-  
ing with men whose resources, power and  
baseness she cannot conceive of. Be-  
hind are the freight and the family treas-  
ures—the years of trust and duty which  
the better angel has added to the credit  
side of human kind; out there is the  
street; and like a chain gang condemned  
to tread it, manacled together, a pair of  
paupers and their posterity go down the  
dreary vista, poor, broken, unloving and  
unloved.

—The Tichborne litigation has cost to  
date over \$500,000.

### Curious Crimes by Insane Persons.

A French journal publishes the follow-  
ing account of some remarkable crimes  
committed by persons alleged to be in-  
sane. The first is that of

ANTOINETTE EMANUEL JOHARD.

At the theater of Celestius, in Lyons,  
on the evening of September 15, 1851, the  
drama of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," was  
being acted. When the curtain rose over  
the second act, a horrible event took  
place, that threw actors and audience into  
terrible confusion. A young lady had  
been stabbed to the heart by a man sitting  
immediately behind her. Uttering a cry,  
she drew the dagger from her breast, and  
fell lifeless into the arms of another lady.  
The assassin stood erect, his arms crossed  
on his chest, and his manner perfectly im-  
passive. The husband of the young lady  
seized him. "What have we done to  
you," exclaimed he, "that you should  
commit this outrage?" "Nothing!" ex-  
claimed the man; "I do not even know  
you. I am a miserable wretch; do with  
me what you please; I do not wish to es-  
cape." He was arrested. The young  
lady had only been a wife of a few  
months, and was visiting Lyons, with her  
husband, a college professor at Limoges.

The murderer was Antoinette Emanuel  
Jobard, a clerk in Dijon. He was but  
twenty years old. Examined by the mag-  
istrate, he stated that he never knew his  
victim; that he had killed her to be killed  
in return—to be killed after he had had  
sufficient time for repentance; that, in the  
midst of a pious family, he had been a  
hypocrite; that, while he actually led an  
abandoned and depraved life, he deceived  
everybody by his apparent devoutness;  
that he at length became disgusted, but,  
unable to shake off his bad practices, de-  
termined to get rid of life; that he could  
not think of suicide, as that would bring  
him loaded with sin before God; that he,  
therefore, determined to do something  
which would cause him to be condemned  
to death by the law; that he would then  
have sufficient time to repent, and be pur-  
doned by God; that he had not killed a  
depraved person, as it would have sent  
away that person unprepared; that he  
had thought of killing a priest just after  
celebrating mass, but that an accident  
brought him to Lyons and the theater,  
where an opportunity presented itself.

During his examination, Jobard's pulse  
was at the normal standard. His answers  
were given with deliberation. Subsequent  
interrogations revealed the fact that the  
idea of the man who prayed like a saint  
and acted like a devil had changed. He  
declared, "If I could go back, I would  
not do what I have done; I begin to see  
things differently." One night in prison,  
he thought his victim appeared to him.

Three physicians, in regard to Jobard,  
came to the following conclusion: That,  
at the moment of committing the murder,  
Jobard suffered from a paroxysm of homici-  
dal mania; that he ought not to be con-  
sidered responsible for an act done with-  
out the participation of his normal will;  
but, as this kind of insanity is dangerous  
to society, society has the right to put  
Jobard in such a position as will render it  
impossible for him to do further harm;  
and that, therefore, he should be placed  
for life in a lunatic asylum.

Jobard was, however, tried, and sen-  
tenced to imprisonment for life.

IN REGARD TO ONE JULIA.

On November 10, 1854, a young man,  
aged nineteen, the son of a prominent  
merchant of Bordeaux, dined with his  
father, to whom he was much attached,  
and his stepmother, whom he had re-  
garded with increasing aversion for sev-  
eral years. At dessert, young Jules left  
his table and repaired to the drawing-  
room to warm himself. Finding no fire,  
he went to his chamber, took his fowling-  
piece, and went out for a stroll, as was his  
wont. The idea of suicide, which had  
haunted his mind for several weeks, re-  
turned to him, but instantly gave way to  
the idea of killing his stepmother. Going  
to his brother's room, Jules, having  
thrown aside his fowling-piece, took two  
pistols (he had pistols of his own that he  
might have taken, which had been charged  
only the day before). He then descended  
into the dining-room, and, pointing a pis-  
tol at her head, instantly killed his step-  
mother. The woman fell to the floor;  
the father rose to seize the boy; and Jules  
fled from the house, exclaiming: "I am a  
madman, an idiot; I have killed my step-  
mother!" He subsequently surren-  
dered himself to the Commissary of Police.

Before and until the murder, the boy  
had been of excellent repute; although  
being rich, studiously avoiding dissipa-  
tion.  
Jules was tried before the Imperial  
Court at Pau, and, on the testimony of  
Caimelli, Tardieu, and Devergie—the emi-  
nent alienists of France—was acquitted,  
on the ground of insanity. It was ascer-  
tained that the boy had a maternal uncle  
who had a propensity to suicide, and who  
died insane; another maternal relative,  
who had all his life been eccentric; and a  
paternal aunt who had actually killed her-  
self. It was also developed that the boy  
had always been subject to motiveless out-  
bursts of passion. One day he struck a  
servant with a whip for inactivity; and,  
another day, he became furiously angry  
because he could not at once enter a room  
where his stepmother was bathing. One  
witness said he always seized on some-  
thing or some one. He was taciturn, and  
avoided young men of his own age. He  
said he was led to do the act by an irre-  
sistible impulse. He said: "If my father  
had addressed to me one word when I en-  
tered the drawing-room—one single word—  
whatever it might have been—I should  
not have killed my stepmother."

More than five years after the homicide,  
Jules, who had wandered from home, sud-  
denly quitted Brussels, and re-entered  
France with nothing but his personal at-  
tire. He went to a Bordeaux hotel, and  
stayed there all night, not visiting his  
father nor brother. In the morning he  
got a brace of pistols, hired a cab, was  
driven to the cemetery, and, by request,  
was conducted to his stepmother's tomb.  
He then sent away his guide, knelt upon  
the grave, and, writing in a memorandum-  
book, blew out his brains. The sentence  
written was: "I wish to die upon the  
grave of her whom I have so much loved  
and regretted."

"How," asks Devergie, "shall we rec-  
onile the assertion, made at the moment  
of committing suicide, with the opinion  
expressed by some, that the cause of the  
murder was the deep aversion that the  
young man had nourished toward his step-  
mother during ten years?" "Evidently  
the language, as well as the termination

of his life by suicide, is the work of a lu-  
natic. Not the slightest doubt can now  
be felt, even by the most prejudiced, con-  
cerning the decision, and the scientific  
forensic which led to that judgment."

In a debate on the case M. Ferrus (em-  
inent for his knowledge of medico-legal  
matters) remarked that it was very well to  
acquit the young man; but, he was af-  
fected with the worst form of mental  
alienation, and it was, therefore, a sur-  
prising circumstance that he should have  
been set at liberty. Why, asked M. Fer-  
rus, had he not been confined in a lunatic  
asylum? And this view was concurred in  
by M. Devergie and all the other experts.

### The Sultan at Prayers.

Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, and  
upon that day the Sultan goes to some  
one of the numerous mosques to say his  
prayers. This is a ceremony attended  
with much pomp. The mosque selected  
during one of the Fridays of Gen. Sher-  
man's visit was on the Bosphorus, on the  
Pera side. Hearing that General Sher-  
man and party were desirous of witness-  
ing the ceremony, his Majesty caused to  
be placed at their disposal his kiosk,  
which was near the mosque he proposed  
visiting, a small house beautifully fur-  
nished, from which he usually witnessed  
maneuvers of the troops on the parade-  
ground near by. When the party reached  
the kiosk they found drawn up in two  
lines, facing inward, about 2,000 infantry  
and the officers of the imperial household,  
all in full uniform, awaiting the Sultan's  
arrival, who was to come from his place  
in one of his caïques. The steps of the  
mosque were covered with carpet, as was  
also the landing by the water. At noon  
a gun gave the signal for the Sultan's de-  
parture from the palace, and as the pro-  
cession approached the ships of war in the  
harbor they fired salutes, so that the  
noise of the artillery became deafening  
and echoed and re-echoed along the  
hills of the Bosphorus. First appeared  
around the turn a caïque rowed by about  
twenty oarsmen, in which sat an official,  
who jumped quickly from the caïque on  
the landing, and the boat then passed on.  
This was followed by another in like or-  
der, and then came the Sultan, who sat  
under a handsomely embroidered velvet  
canopy surmounted by the crescent. His  
caïque was rowed by about thirty oar-  
men, who were dressed in white clothing,  
made out of a very pretty material seen  
at Constantinople. Their arms were bare  
from the elbows, as were their legs from  
the knees. In rowing they rose from  
their seats in reaching to the stroke, took  
one step forward, and at the moment of  
pulling bowed very low, settling into their  
seats as the stroke became exhausted.  
The caïques were white, with gilt orna-  
mentation. As soon as the Sultan's  
caïque appeared the troops presented  
arms, and remained in that position. As  
he landed the officers of the household all  
stooped, placing the right hand to the  
ground, then on their lips, then on the  
top of their heads—thus indicating that  
they picked up the dirt. The Sultan was  
in uniform, and on his breast wore his  
orders. As he passed by the troops they  
cheered, and while holding the musket at  
a present in the left hand, saluted with  
the right. As the Sultan came near the  
kiosk he looked up at the windows where  
were the General and party; and after he  
had entered the mosque, sent his Lord  
Chancellor to inquire if they were com-  
fortable. Passing into the mosque, the  
troops and the attendants awaited him  
outside. Some of the attendants wore  
green gold-embroidered liveries, others  
purple.—Harper for September.

### A Danbury Funeral.

The Danbury News says: The day Mr.  
Kuby across the way was to be buried,  
Mrs. Moriarty told her daughter Clarinda  
that she guessed she would attend, as she  
wasn't feeling very well, and a ride would  
do her good. She knew there would be  
several covered carriages furnished at the  
expense of the family, and she was equally  
confident it could be so managed that she  
would occupy a portion of one of them.  
She was among the first at the house, and  
occupied a prominent position. As the  
other friends arrived, she took occasion to  
recall reminiscences of the late Ruby that  
brought tears to their eyes, and when the  
services were over, as the first coach  
drove up for its load, the distress of Mrs.  
Moriarty at the death of Mr. Ruby was so  
marked as to excite the liveliest sym-  
pathy. Then the second coach came up.  
Mrs. Moriarty had got down to the gate  
by this time, and as the door of the sec-  
ond coach was opened and a call made for  
the occupants, it seemed extremely doubt-  
ful if she could hold up another instant.  
She leaned against the post, and stared  
into the coach, and over the rich uphol-  
stering, and said the late Ruby seemed  
more like a son to her than a neighbor.  
Whereupon the usher looked appropri-  
ately sad, and called up the third and last  
coach. This had yellow cushions and  
pink straps, and Mrs. Moriarty didn't hesi-  
tate to protest that in the death of Mr.  
Ruby the community had met a loss it  
was not possible to recover from, and  
that she would follow him to his last rest-  
ing place if she had to do it on her knees,  
and would feel grateful for the opportu-  
nity. Then the third and last coach filled  
and drove off to take its place in the line,  
and Mrs. Moriarty dried her tears, choked  
back the sorrow of her heart with one  
mighty gulp, and strode into her own  
house, shutting the front door without the  
aid of the knob. She told Clarinda that it  
was the scariest affair that she ever went  
to, and had it not been for the body there  
would have been no funeral at all.

Herr Stephan, the German Postmas-  
ter-General, has drawn up the plan which  
will be laid before the International Con-  
gress, to meet at Berne, in September.  
The chief features of the plan are a uni-  
form international postage of threepence  
for each half-ounce letter, and one penny  
for a newspaper. Separate provisions are  
made for the transit of patterns and book-  
parcels under certain conditions, and for  
the insurance of letters up to a value  
not to exceed fourteen thalers  
(about ten dollars gold). Germany and  
Switzerland have acceded to the scheme,  
and all the leading governments of Eu-  
rope, together with the United States,  
have been invited to consider it.

—A Mrs. Clark, at Keokuk, Iowa, sub-  
scribed four dollars toward building a  
church, and not being able to raise the  
money, she worked four days at lathing.